



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

NORTHERN NEVADA CHAPTER

Carson City, NV

July 2011

Chapter Leader's Message

July 4th reminded me of years ago when my father died and we buried him on his birthday. That triggered memories of other significant dates: my husband died on his Mother's birthday, and my nephew on my birthday. My Son, Tommy, was buried on his graduation day. These seem to be dates we never forget, however much we wish we could.

No matter how long or short our Children's and Siblings' lives were, they will never be forgotten. At our next meeting, we will discuss what you can do to keep the good memories of our Children and Siblings forever.

*Forever in our Hearts,
Delores*

Newsletter Editor's Message

This is the hardest part of the newsletter for me. If you read this section at all, you may have noticed I tend to bare my soul or tell you about the website. It's one or the other; when I'm having a tough time with sharing, I revert to "housekeeping" entries. (Once again, though, it's www.tcfcarsoncity.org.)

June is a tough month for me, and I've conditioned myself to dread its coming. Once those "difficult" days are here, though, I find they're not so bad. Sure, I set the bar pretty low for personal achievement that day (tie shoes; use big-girl potty), but I have found that if I am kinder to myself, I am better prepared to weather the roller coaster of emotions I inevitably feel.

And so this June, I went walking in the meadow singing "Happy Birthday" out loud on my brother's 34th birthday; on the anniversary of his death, I hiked a local waterfall with my husband and dog. Both turned out to be pretty manageable days, actually. And I am grateful.

~Georgette

SPECIAL DATES

July 26th Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30pm
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Resource Center
1535 Medical Parkway

August 30th Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30pm
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Resource Center
1535 Medical Parkway

September 27th Carson City Meeting

7:00 - 8:30pm
Carson Tahoe Cancer
Resource Center
1535 Medical Parkway

STEERING COMMITTEE

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Delores Sherman

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Newsletter Editor
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Our Children Loved, Missed & Remembered

Our dear children, though gone from our sight, are forever loved and will always be remembered. We remember, with compassion, the parents and families of these precious children on the birthdays and anniversary days listed below.

July Birthdays

Raymond "Tista" Baptista

Parents: Gladys & Pete Goicoechea

Amber Bourge

Mother: Jeanne Hernandez, Grandmother: Donna Bachstein

Danielle Conway

Mother: Norma Conway

Eric D. Eisele

Parents: Don & Darlene Eisele, Brother: Steve & Marianne Eisele

Joshua Raymond Farler

Parents: Jim & Brenda Farler

Benjamin Griffith

Parents: Pat & Mary Griffith

A. J. Hall

Aunt: Rebecca Novak

Jacob Allen Kenton

Mother: Amy Cote

Edward John Kunzi

Parents: Eugene & Lois Kunzi

Ahmen LeDoux

Mother: Judith LeDoux

Joseph Mall

Mother: Laura Mizrahi

Colton James Melendrez

Grandmother: Patty Robson

David Perez

Mother: Mary Perez

Seth Jordan Ridgely

Parents: George & Melinda Ridgely

Mark Robert Schafer

Parents: Robert & Cheryl Schafer

Leoma N. Vaughan

Parents: Judy Dunning

Charles Louis Webb

Parents: Paul & Eva Webb

Faith Winder

Parents: Robert & Christine Winder

Richard Young

Mother: Karen Young



July Anniversaries

Joseph Robert Caputo

Mother: Joseph & Jeanne Caputo-Young

Christopher Paul Cook

Parents: Sam & Sue Cook

Brian Higgins

Mother: Jeane Higgins

Christiana Eve Medina

Mother: Maureen Medina, Father: Dave Medina,
Sister: Natalie Leist, Aunt: Joleen Tomko

Seth Jordan Ridgely

Parents: George & Melinda Ridgely

Jennifer Jo Smith

Parents: Pam & Carl Smith

Nicole Michelle Snyder

Parents: John & Patti Snyder

Scott Strom

Mother: Sonja Strom

Faith Winder

Parents: Robert & Christine Winder

Lost and Found

When my son died I lost even more than a beloved child. Most of you did, too. And found other things. Perhaps you feel this way, somewhat, also...

I lost my self esteem - I found greater confidence in myself and the future is no longer scary... I lost the ability to hug and show affection - I found I could appreciate what I had left to love with more verbal caring.

I lost being able to laugh and enjoy life. I found enjoyment in the small and simple acts of living. I lost my typing and cursive writing skills. (I could only print like a first grade student). I found I needed to write my feelings to survive – after a year my skills returned.

I lost my train of thought, concentration, interest in other's problems, and my faith. I found my train of thoughts not so important anyway, and concentration improved with interest in reaching out to others in pain... My faith returned when I realized doubts deepen thinking and questions sometimes never have answers.

I lost friends, but found I could forgive them for abandoning me; grief makes people uncomfortable.

I lost ME, the me that had been there before, the me that was lucky and strong, the me that felt "mine will be protected and life is good." Well, I never found that Shirley. That part of me is forever gone. The "innocent and untouched by tragedy" woman I had been, but I found so many other things that make life worth living, and yes, I do miss what I lost. And I wish I could have it back, but I sure am grateful for what I found...

If you are still in that lost stage and can't believe you will ever find anything to help make up for your pain, hold on to hope. You will, as time goes by, be able to see that for everything lost there will be something worthwhile found.

KEEP Looking – You'll see!

*Shirley Blakely Curie
TCF Central Arkansas*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Alameda County, IL
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, August 1991*

Missing You

I just can't believe it...
The sun still rises and sets,
The flowers still bloom,
The birds still sing.
I expected a change
In everything.

I just can't believe it...
it still gets dark and light,
The ocean still has waves,
The rain still rains,
The wind still blows.
Is it because
They do not know?

I just can't believe it...
I thought the world would stop
When in my house I found
An empty chair,
A missing smile.
I thought it would stop
For just a while.

I just can't believe...

*Greta Viney
TCF Yakima, WA
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the
South Lake Tahoe, CA Chapter of
The Compassionate Friends,
July and August 2000*

Still the greatest lesson of all is that you don't know how much you love someone until they are not with you anymore. To live, to die, to experience the full sweep of love; that is a compelling gift for a child to leave a parent.

*Wayne Montgomery
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Pueblo, CO Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, April 2002*

Not Well... But That's Okay

Since our daughter died 2 ½ years ago, we have spent a great deal of time plodding along from day to day, and waiting. Waiting for what? TO BE WELL AGAIN!!!

With all the reading we had done, and the counseling we'd had, we were sure it was just a matter of time until we were emotionally well again.

About a year ago, I realized the problem in this "wait and see" approach to this type of grief. We now recognized how much better off (emotionally) we were than in the first year after our daughter's death. WE ARE NOT WELL... BUT WE ARE OKAY.

To be well again would seem to be a denial of her life, and her death! Her death can't be denied, and we certainly don't deny her life. The pain we feel every day reaffirms the place Kishori will always have in our lives. Just as the love I feel for my wife and son are part of who I am, so too is the pain and sorrow I feel about my daughter, a part of me, and who I want to be!

So, are we WELL? No, but we are OKAY, and that's enough. We'll never be well again. We'll never forget. WE WILL CONTINUE TO BE OKAY, AND THAT'S OKAY.

*Bernie Cloutier
TCF Amherst, MA*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of Atlanta, GA Chapter of
The Compassionate Friends, August 2000*



Love Gifts

*Betty Kalicki in memory of daughter
Kara*

*Laurie Herrera-Cassar in memory of niece
Amber Black*

*Carl & Kelly Harris in memory of daughter
Samantha Harris*

*Andra Woolman in memory of son
Jeremy Woolman*

*Roberta Begley in memory of son
Nova Gibbons*

***... in memory of the children we love,
miss and remember every day."***

Thank You

The Northern Nevada - Carson City chapter of The Compassionate Friends is funded solely by contributions. There are no dues or membership fees. The donation of a LOVE GIFT is a very special way of remembering and honoring our children. Thank you for your generosity.

Special Notices

- The Carson City Park Foundation is accepting names for the Memorial Wall in Mills Park. The suggested donation is \$100.
- If you move for the winter (or summer) months, please let us know your current address. This allows you to continue to receive the monthly newsletter.

Do you worry about what other people think about you and your situation? Do you feel that people are judging you based on your actions or non-actions? Do you feel you have to please people you are around? "Outsiders" (those who haven't lost a child) have no idea what we are going through. The average person on the street thinks we should "be over" the death of our child in about two months!

When we are grieving, we should do whatever helps us. We should not worry whether we are fulfilling the image that is expected of us. If we feel the need to cry, we should cry; if we feel angry, we should express our anger; if we are having a tough day, we should not hide it. We should do whatever helps us get through this particular point in time and not worry at all whether we are pleasing those "outsiders" around us.

*Pam Duke
TCF Dallas, TX*

Well-intentioned friends, and even some professionals who ought to know better, may tell you that you have become overly self-centered and self-preoccupied. Usually this is an indication of the speaker's own discomfort with loss and with troublesome but human emotions.

Self-centeredness is almost always an essential aspect of separating from someone or something precious that has been lost and so it is a common characteristic of grief... In the early months especially, your mind will be largely on yourself and of your feelings of loss. As the first months go by, you will probably think of yourself and of your loss more than you think about anything else. This is not illness, nor is it an indication of weakness or selfishness. It is simply human adjustment in the face of loss.

THE GREATER YOUR LOSS, THE MORE LIKELY AND THE LONGER YOU ARE TO BE PREOCCUPIED WITH YOUR OWN FEELINGS.

*Ann Kaiser Sterns
Living Through Personal Crisis*

If I Had Only Known

If I had only known,
 It was our last walk in the rain.
I'd keep you out for hours,
 I'd give you a life line to my heart.
Underneath the thunder,
 We'd talk for hours.
If I had only known,
 I'd never hear your voice again.
I'd memorize each thing you said,
 And on those lonely days at home,
I could think of you once more.
 Keep your words alive inside my head.
If only I had known,
 I'd never hear your voice again.
You were the treasure in my heart,
 You were the one who always stood beside me.
So unaware I foolishly believed,
 That you would always be there.
But then one day I turned my head, and
 You were gone.

*Cortini
TCF Sibling Chapter Valley Forge, PA*

Science... tells us that nothing in nature, not even the tiniest particle, can disappear without a trace. Nature does not know extinction. All it knows is transformation... And everything science has taught me strengthens my belief in the continuity of our spiritual existence after death. Nothing disappears without a trace.

*Werner von Braun
Reprinted from the Newsletter of the South Lake Tahoe,
CA Chapter of The Compassionate Friends,
July and August 2000*

The Aftermath of Suicide

I had never experienced the death of a close loved one before my brother died. When David died, my world came crashing down around me, shattering me into a million pieces. My brother and I were close, but I had no suspicion that he was contemplating suicide and had been for a long time. The night my sister called to tell me he was dead is etched in my memory forever. If I shut my eyes, I can go back to that time and place almost three years ago and still hear her voice. It is a very painful memory and one that I don't call up, but it is there nonetheless.

The overwhelming feelings of shock, disbelief, numbness, despair, and sadness are very vivid. At the time, I was outraged at what he had done to us, to me. How dare he do this! I couldn't even begin to guess now many times I said, "I can't believe this is happening."

The first six months was a confusing and emotionally draining period for me. I was obsessed with wanting to have answers, especially from him. I read many books on suicide and finally, after reading Iris Bolton's book "My Son, My Son," I came to realize what she said was true: You can ask why a million times but you finally have to let it go, because the person you need the answers from is not here to give them to you. If only for the sake of your own sanity, you have to stop asking "why."

Our family drew closer together from this tragedy, and it made me more aware of how much I value and love them. I also had the support of a good friend who was willing to spend hours talking and crying with me. I still get very angry at my brother for changing our lives so irrevocably. That anger inevitably turns into sadness. I cannot see his smiling face, or hear his laughter, or watch him grow into adulthood. Yes, I had dreams for him too. He was an intelligent, warm, sensitive and caring young man, and I was eager to see what direction his life would take. I can't help but wonder what he would be like today. I miss him very much.

I will never agree with his solution, but it was his choice to make and I have to learn to live with it. I am absolutely certain beyond a shadow of a doubt that I will see him again. Only then will I get answers to my questions. I have no choice but to wait until that time.

*Nicki Wright
TCF MO-KAN, KS*

I don't know why.
I'll never know why.
I don't have to know why.

I don't like it.
I don't have to like it.
What I do have to do is to make a choice
about my living.
The choice is mine.

I can go on living, valuing every moment in a way
I never did before,
Or I can be destroyed by it, and in turn,
destroy others.

I thought I was immortal,
That my family and my children were also.
That tragedy only happened to others.

But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.
So I am choosing to go on living,
making the most of the time I have.
Valuing my family and friends in a way
never possible before.

From "My Son, My Son" by Iris Bolton

For My Hero

When our son died, I thought
You would hold me and comfort me
And make everything right
Like you always did.

You never let me down before.
When you couldn't fix things,
I was furious with you.
You wouldn't even talk or cry
Or throw things
Like I did.

When you didn't grieve my way,
The right way, I thought
You loved him less
And said so.

Now I know you didn't let me down.
You cried, you cared, you did the best
That any man in pain could do.
And I forgive you
For not being Superman
Or me.

Pat Dyson

TCF Beaumont, TX

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Riverside, CA
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, July 2000*

Grief is the price we pay for love.
We did not lose our children.
They died, taking with them
our hopes and dreams for the future,
but never, never taking away their love.
Though death comes,
love will never go away.
Hold it tight,
the love our children gave us.
Hold it tight through the storms of grief
and bring it with you into today.
LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY

Darcie Sims

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Coquitlam, B.C.
Chapter of The Compassionate Friends, April-May 2002*

Never To Be Forgotten

They say you died at birth--
How wrong they are!
For nine months
Wrapped in love's cocoon,
You seemed already one of us--
How we laughed and dreamed.
When you came that snowy night
And gently closed your eyes
Against all cruelty,
Your tiny hands forged
Tighter family ties.
Your special warmth,
A blessed radiance
That hallows all our lives.

*Marion Youngquist
Bereaved Grandmother*

*Reprinted from the Newsletter of the Pueblo, CO Chapter
of The Compassionate Friends, AUGUST 1991*

Welcome New Members

We welcome new members to our chapter of The Compassionate Friends. We're sorry you have a need to be with us, but we hope you feel you have found a safe place to share your grief and will return. It often takes a few meetings to feel at ease in a group setting. Please try attending three meetings before deciding if TCF is for you. *Each meeting is different and the next one might be the one that really helps.*

Meetings are held the last Tuesday of every month, 7:00 - 8:30pm, at the Carson Tahoe Cancer Resource Center, 1535 Medical Parkway, Carson City, NV.



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

The Compassionate Friends of Northern Nevada

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My Friend

At one time you were my world.
As the years passed us by, you were my brother,
my friend.
The older we grew, the closer we drew.
We lived our lives and suffered many sorrows together.

But to suffer this one alone, I just don't know.
You made your own rules,
You conquered the world, and more – Heaven's door.

The world will forever be a little emptier, a little colder,
and yet Heaven is so much richer.
Blessed God, please watch over my friend until I can
join him.
We'll all join him soon.
I love you still, my friend.

*Lori Boyle
TCF Wellsville, NY*

***When one door closes, another
opens; but we often look so long and
so regretfully upon the closed door
that we do not see the one which has
opened for us.***

Alexander Graham Bell

NEW for 2011:

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